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from The Lake

Adam Greenberg

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FROM THE LAKE

Adam Greenberg

Speaking for oneself's one way not to have spoken, she says, either way it's easy enough to see the danger along. The desire along. Climbing up there, deep sea diving down there to see the coral I mean. Like an egg or a moon if there's light from it it's alive.

I'll tell you why I haven't been rowing, she says, just ask. You and I are both here. On the shore something joyous is being kept in the sand. We eddying row.

Hands in the meadow, says Wes, hands like a lamp, if there's light from it it's alive. This is how she remains warmest. This is how she minds her gap her pressure her wholeness. Casting off what we've had in our pockets we see it through: it's around the edges unarticulated in its calmness. Looking through a material onto a material, often she's much less patient than me. Often she doesn't know if I'm saying something soft or very soft, you see?

I asked to be ignored. I asked for a fishing rod and some bait. To displace desire

with recollection, says Anne. If any of us had collected the shells, one of us could have adorned something with them. Then again, what's considered often leads to something less than considerate. In fact, what's measurable hasn't been. And if flying two kites is the necessary condition for their interaction, I certainly haven't. To possess, if it's the inverse of attraction, another. I read it in an interview, you see.

She says if we captured them there keeping them there, we'd never go hungry. They would sliding cover our toes. We would pausing out of fright tip our oars over. What if raining we were left to drown, would that be a motive? If Wes knew about this, would that justify it? Would the wind blowing hull sagging light like a candle? How many times have you lit like one? Tell me. Sing me the song sung at sea.¹

If it hasn't been sun, it hasn't been lovely. What can't be remembered can't be sure to have happened. A voice for the crime and a voice for the clue, and this is how we can be sure they'll find it. I use shortcuts for you as much as anyone, she says. Breed, bread. I'm not doing this for anyone but myself. Anticipate precipitation before the day has taken place. Not even on my lunch break were the ducks so fulvous.

Song sung at sea¹

Now we do
now we do
now we do swim like dogs

Did I see her there? Sure

Now we do
now we do
now we act from the wider place

I saw her dry lips

Now we do
now we do
now we do swim like dogs

I saw her kicking her legs

Now we do
now we do
now we do

Adam Greenberg grew up in Woodinville, WA. He crochets text-blankets and installs them on benches around Providence, RI, where he received an M.F.A. from Brown University. His work has recently appeared in the Brooklyn Review.